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ELLIOTT BLAINE HENDERSON

HUMBLE FOLKS

POEMS

COMPOSED BY
ELLIOTT BLAINE HENDERSON

Author of the First and Second Editions of
"Plantation Echoes"
and "The Soliloquy of Satan"



SPRINGFIELD, OHIO
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR
1909

DEDICATION

This work is most respectfully dedicated to the following named persons:

J. PALMER WINSLOW.
SAMUEL STEVENS.
E. F. DUNN.
D. H. TAFT.
DR. S. M. SHERMAN.
E. R. SHARP.
Postmaster H. W. KRUMM, Columbus, Ohio.
FRED. M. SAYRE.
J. O. DYE.
DANIEL J. RYAN.
J. G. LYKES.
E. L. PEASE.
DR. E. J. WILSON.
STACY B. KANKIN.
HON. EMMETT TOMPKINS.
DR. HERBERT H. FISHER.
DR. A. H. VANCE, Springfield, O.
DR. R. B. HOUSE, Springfield, O.
MR. FRANK SNYPP.
MR. RAYMOND ZIRKEL.
MR. A. W. KILER.
MR. W. R. SIBLEY.
MR. EDM. F. ARRAS.
MR. C. F. LUCKHART.
DR. W. U. COLE.
MR. J. A. HEDGES.
MR. B. K. BLACK and DR. E. A. HAMILTON.
MR. DWIGHT L. HARRISON.
MR. C. H. and PHILLIP LINDENBERG.
MR. W. J. NONNENMACHER.
MR. VAL LOEWER.

PREFACE

To those, and they are many, who, in their best moments, seek not the evil but the good, who strive to see all that is best in nature and mumanity, this little volume will be welcome.

In these days when passion and prejudice seem to overshadow the sense of justice it is good to turn to these pages.

They breathe the most fascinating and admirable characteristics of a race that can sing most effectively and simply the songs of nature, sound the humble heart beats of contentment, and play upon the lyre of native philosophy and mellow wit.

* All the misfortune, the injustice and the crushing disadvantages of centuries have failed to crush out the song of the negro. Mr. Henderson in "Humble Folks" sings and smiles again. His poetry is the poetry of simplicity, his melody wholly inspired, his theme well within his point of view and essentially genuine, wholesome and real.

By E. G. BURKRAM,
Editor of the Columbus Dispatch,
Columbus, Ohio.

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“RECKERFLECSHUN.”

TO E. F. BABBITT.

Ef yo' wan't to please de ol' man,
Make him feel real young ergin,
Fo'git all 'bout his troubles
An' jes' stretch his mouf an' grin,
Jes' fotch de cornstalk fiddle,
An' wid de banjo stawt er chune!
An' ah'll frow mahse'f togeddah
An' do some dancin' mighty soon!

De ol' man's heels is itchin'
Fo' to waltz erbout some mo'!
Look hyeah! Bazzle Johnson—
Go an' fotch ol' Uncle Joe.
Drap in to de shanty
An' fotch ol' Pete, de fiddler, too!
An' we'll hab er' barr'l ob pleasure
An' dey won't er one be blue.

It 'pears to me—
De older dat ah git,
De fudder ah kin jump,
An' ah gits er hol' mo' grit.
Umph! Ah feels lak frowin'
Off mah swaller tail coat!
An' buttin', jes' fo' mischief
Lak massa's billy goat.

Ah's wedderd many storm,
But ah's still good yet!
Eat ez many 'Possums,
Ez yo' put up at er bet!
Drink ez much whiskey
Fum mah ol' dimmeejohn,
An' hanker fo' mo',
When it's ebbry bit gone.

Ah spec' yo' tink ah's foolin',
But ah hain't jokin' none!
Ah's jes' ez full er mischief,
An' ah's jes' ez full er fun!
Kin do ez many jiggs
Ez yo' young fo'ks kin
An' still keep mah 'liggen
An' won't do no sin.

Ah's sebbentee two ah reckons,
An' er li'l mo' beside!
Hard in de mussle
An' soople in de hide!
Ef er mule would kiek me,
De way ah now feels,
Ah could sock him 'twix his eyeballs
An' knock him off his heels!

Ah sometimes gits to tinkin'
'Bout de ol' Verginny Reel!
An' how ah uster hop it,
Wid ol' Aunt Nancy Steel.
It's de troof! Befo' ah knows it,
Ah's er jumpin' up an' down,
An' dis ol' man, mah good chillen,
Am er ac'in' lak er clown!

Soo Fronee calls me giddy!
Er hippercrit an' sich,
An' sometimes tries to wollup
Me, an' git me in er hitch.
She says ah is er Joodes,
An' only fit fo' sin!
But ah jes' laf an' tickle
An' go at it ergin.

It seems ah jes' kain't he'p it!
Ah's got to hab mah fun.
Ah don't kyah ef ah's sixty,
Er ef ah's ninety one!
Dey's no use gittin' feeble,
An' lettin' go yo' vim!
When sich ez deez hyah frolics
Will keep yo' peert an' trim.

So sot yo' foots down on it!
Dis ting, ah let yo' know.
Ah's ready any secon'
Fo' to buss plum loose an' go!
Jes' fotch de cornstalk fiddle,
An' fotch de banjo, to,
An' when ah's danced mah limit,
Yo'll say, dis ol' man's flew!

THE UNEXPECTED.

TO SIDNEY A. KNIGHT AND DR. R. B. HOUSE.

Howdy do Miss Rosy!
Hain't dis hyah mawnin' fine?
Skewze mah millyeriarty
May ah ask yo' whah yo's gwine?
Dis is sech er pleasure,
Dis is sech delight!
Fo' to hab de flisstee
Meetin' one so much petight!

Ah's jes' been er broozin'
An' er trompin' kinder slo',
Mah whol' heart er wishin'
An' er pinin' fo' er beau.
Dey hain't no udder lady
Dat ah'd radder hab wid me,
Habs yo' any jeckshuns
Habin' long mah company?

Tank yo' Mistah Bonesett,
Yo' expunkshens am perfoun'!
It's so narrokottick
Fo' to allus see yo' 'roun'.
Yo's so full ob chantmen'
An' sech polish'd glass ob speech,
Dat mah comprehenshun
Grabbertates short ob yo' reach.

Deed ah feels so flattered!
Do yo' tink ah's so petight?
Wid exhilleration
Ah mus' say yo's so perligh!
Dis so sudden pleasure
Radderfies me to deplore!
'Cep'in' yo' abscoortment
To me hain't er bit er bore!

Ah mus' say Miss Rosy
Dat ah kain't wid yo' compeet!
De kayshun am enchantmen'
An' de sweetness am concreet!
Yo's got me plum encompassed
Wid de radiance ob yo' view.
Take mah lef' arm please Miss
An' ah'll tote erlong wid you!

FISHIN' TIME ERGIN!

Dis am fishin' time ergin!
We'll drink good liquor
We'll drink good gin!
Ah'll git Sam Stevens
An' me an' de Jedge
Sich fishin' times!
We'll hab at de bridge!

Sam's er rompin' good feller
An' ah laks him mos' fine.
He's er 'spert wid de hook
An' er 'spert wid de line!
We's trabled lots togedder
An' when de Jedge is 'long
Everyting's happy
Ez er tucky buzzard's song.

Ah tells yo' whut's de matter,
Ah tells yo' whut's er fac'
Ah feels so pow'ful flouncin',
Till all mah jints crac'!
Ah does feel boss!
An' ah don't kyar er whopper,
Ef ah hain't got er nickel,
Ner ah hain't got er copper!

Bass an' suckers
Am er bitin' mighty fine!
Umph! how ah wants,
To frow out mah line!
Den fotch out mah rabbit's foot,
Lay it on de san',
Den boys! Ah's sho'
Gwine to koch sumpin' gran'!

Sich times to me's
Lak er love feas' meetin',
Whah ebbry one's flouncin'
An' de benches am er beatin'.
Ef yo' all kinder doubt me,
Ef yo' want er li'l' proof,
Jes' watch dis ol' gem'men
Kick shingles off de roof!

So white fo'ks brac' fo'ks,
Lemmee tell yo' all,
Yo' may tink dis cheek,
Yo' may tink dis gall.
Huntin' de possum,
An' chasin' de coon,
Hain't in it wid fishin',
In de ol' time l'goon.

SOFT FALLS THE NIGHT.

TO GEORGE M. WINWOOD JR., Springfield, Ohio.

Soft falls thenight—
And chases 'way
The slowly dying
Summer day.
The sun from his
ethereal height,
Is curtained by
The shades of night.

Soft falls the night—
The birds that tune
Their songs with nature
In commune
Now hush their lays
Seek silent rest,
Within their downy
Leafy nests.

Soft falls the night—
Sweet peace divine
In each heart comes
To be enshrined,
While angels pause
On earth to show'r.
The blessings of the
Sovereign power.

Soft falls the night—
A peaceful sleep
O'er earthly mortals
Doth now creep.
They rest now from
Their day's pursuit—
The world is still,
The world is mute.

Soft falls the night—
The verdure green
Now glistens with
A dewy sheen.
The flowers droop,
Their petals close,
They dream away
In sweet repose.

Soft falls the night—
Lo! breaks the dawn,
And nature 'wakens
With the morn,
Exultingly
Sends up her lays,
Her symphonies,
To God in praise.

"ANNOYANCE."

TO DR. ALBERT COOPER AND M. McDONALD.

Go way Sambo! Stop er pesterin' me!
Ah haint er gwine to tell yo' no mo'.
De nex' time yo' ax me fo' mo' short cake,
Ah's gwine to smack yo' plum out dat doh!

Yo's wusser den Fido,
Er hangin' 'roun'.
Quit yo' bawlin'! Quit yo' frown.
Ah's gwine to fotch de hants
An' let 'em git yo'
Ef yo' don't walk chalk—
Dat's whut ah'll do!

Whah's yo' been,
Yo' nappy head,
'Roun' lickin' lasses
Off de white chile's bread?
Ef yo' don't leave de white
Chile's trash erlone
Ah'll wollup yo', hyah me?
Till yo' holler an' moan.
Yo' mus' hab two stummicks
An' er ha'f beside.
Whah does yo' put
All dat stuff, in yo' hide?

Yo' eat an' eat
Till yo' eyes bulge out!
It's er sprize to me
Dat yo' hain't got de gout.

Ah'll short cake yo',
Wid dis big raw hide.
Ef yo' don't lemme 'lone
An' go outside.
Yo' hain't no count
But to sleep an' eat
Jes' lookee dah!
At yo' dirty brac feet!

No wonder yo's got
Sich gutts in yo' feet.
Yo' don't do nuffin'
But sleep an' eat.
But ah guess dat's er weakness
An' er trait of Ham.

* * * * *

Sukie? Whah's de sheep meat?
Sukie? Whah's de lam?

HE IS NOT DEAD.

Weep not! He is not dead—
'Though sepulchered, the tenement of clay,
The severance of the silver chord
Means but new birth to live alway.

Decrepit, so made by fleeting years,
Fatigued, with faltering step
He climbed life's weary way,
Beyond the enshrouding mists
His soul cleaves the vaulted skies,
Merged in the realm of supernal day.

The great white throne embellished with
The choiring throngs resounding
With the rhythm of spheres,
Welcomed this soul that took it's flight
From earth 'mid grief and falling tears.

Indelibly stamped upon life's way
He left his impress for his race to live
When stars grown ancient dismissed from
 vaulted skies
With fulgent suns sink no more to rise.

Gilded upon the heavenly scroll,
Fulgent as the spheres that roll
Onward and onward through space,
His sacred name there finds its place.

The shedding of Christ's blood on Calvary
Was for such as he, who lived the life
The great tribunal approbates, that swings
 awide
The golden gates.

SINCE YOU DONE COME.

TO DR. HERBERT H. FISHER.

Lawd Brudder Rufus,
Ah's glad to see yo' sho'
Fotch dat millun
Inside dis doh!
Ah's jes' been er sotin' hyah
Er feelin' kinder glum
But ah's powerful better, now,
Since yo's done come.

Ah haint blue!
Ah hain't glum!
De Lawd knows Brudder
Since yo done come.

Sakes, erlie!
Whut sweet delight!
Don't yo' know Brudder
Yo's he'p'd me might?
De Lawd's bound to bress yo',
Ah's gwine to ax Him, too!
Brudder? Yo' b'longs
To de chosen few!

Ah hain't blue!
Ner ah hain't glum!
De Lawd knows Brudder,
Since yo' done come!

Yo' knows Brudder Rufus,
Ah allus lak'd you,
Han' me dat millun!
Lemmee kyarv it in two!
No use waitin',
Jes' well stawt in!
See hyah Brudder,
Whah mus' ah begin'?

Ah hain't blue!
Ah hain't glum!
De Lawd knows Brudder,
Since yo' done come!

Mus' ah plug her hyah?
Er mus' ah plug her dah?
Ah'll plug her in de middle!
Umph! Now lookee dah!
Er feas' for de Gods
An' er feas' fo' de king!
Come on Rufus
Les eat dis ting!

Ah hain't blue!
Ner ah hain't glum!
De Lawd knows Brudder
Since yo' done come!

It's eweeter den 'lasses
It's sweeter den wine!
Pardon dis spresshun,
But ah wish 'twas all mine!
It mus' hab been de Lawd
Dat saunt yo' dis way!
Yo's allus welcome Rufus
In dis shanty, lemmee say!

Ah hain't blue!
Ah hain't glum!
De Lawd knows Brudder
Since yo' done come!

Wade in, Rufus!
Don't wait fo' me!
Dis wattah millun,
Is all ah kin see!
Ah's done de kyarvin'
Yo' do de res'!
Rufus! Wattah millun'
Am er ting ah laks bes'!

Ah hain't blue!
Ner ah hain't glum!
De Lawd knows Brudder
Since yo' done come!

DOWN IN OL' VERGINNY.

TO DR. H. W. WHITAKER AND DR. C. A. HOWELL.

Ah jes' got back fum Ginny,
An' yo' tawk erbout er time
It didn't cos' er nickel,
Ner it didn't cos' er dime!
All de latch strings ob de shanties
Was er hangin' out fo' me,
An' dey come eroun' to see me
Same ez at er huskin' bee!

When dey hyah ah'd done erriven,
Why dey all come troopin' 'roun',
De ol' fo'ks an' de young fo'ks
Fum mos' ebbry pawt de town.
Dey filed into de shanty,
Went to shakin' hands wid me,
Ez doh it was de fustes' time
Dey'd seed me since we's free!

Dey shook mah hand an' squeezed it
Sum de brudders full ob vim,
Till dey bent me nigh mos' dubble
An' ah shook in ebbry lim'.
Dey's some dem good ol' brudders
Got er grip jes' lak er vice.
An' yo' bet ah wasn't dyin'
Fo' to hab 'em shake it twice.

Ah thought dey's gwine to eat me
Sich er 'cepshun dat ah got!
Dey said ah's gwine to git
Some ob de bes' was in de pot.
De whole passel got 'roun' me,
Went er circlin' 'roun' an' 'roun',
An' we all was soon er habin'
Jes ez much fun ez er clown.

'Twas' lak er love feas' meetin',
Er regular juberlee!
De way dem fo'ks was fussin'
An er kyarin' on ober me.
Ebberybody joyed it
An' dey was no standin' back
Plenty hosskerpalty
An' dey wasn't nuffin' slack!

Dey dooced me an' dey dooced me
To fus' one an' den de udder,
Dey kep' me dar er bowin'
Till mah heart was in er flutter!
'Twas, howdy Uncle Peter!
'Twas, howdy cousin, too!
'Twas, ah's jes' feelin' tollable,
Uncle Noah, how yo' do?

'Twas, look hyah, yo' hain't Mandy's,
An' ol' man Bazzel's boy?
Umph! Fo' de Lawd sakes, honey!
Do let me dance fo' joy!
Look hyah! Yo' mean to tell me,
Yo's ol' man Bazzel's chile?
See hyah, in mah shanty,
Dey's room fo' vo' all de while.

'Twas come to Sunday meetin',
An' love feás' chewsdáy night!
An' don't fo'git de quiltin'
At Sis Merlindy White's.
'Twas come an' eat sum dinner!
An' stay erwhile wid me.
Jes' eat an' drink good liquor,
Till yo's too blind to see!

'Twas, how's ol' Uncle Rastus
An' Miss Eliza Jane.
An' how is craps up yonder,
An' is yo' gittin' rain?
Say? Whah's ol' Game Leg Ruffels?
Is Sally married yet?
An' how's yo' ol' dog Fido?
An' whuts yo' done wid pet?

Yo' tawk erbout yo' eatin',
Whut dey had fixed up fo' me,
'Twas nuff to feed er reg'ment,
An' twelve monkeys up er tree!
Dey nearly lak'd to kill me,
Er feedin' me so much stuff.
An' still dey kep' er sayin',
Chile? Yo' hain't eat ernuff!

Ah nebbah had sich fusses,
Made ober me befo'!
When it was time fo' gwine,
Ah didn' want to go!
De ol' fo'ks got eroun' me,
Er beggin' me to stay.
To tell de troof erbout it,
Ah could bahly git erway!

Dem fo'kses down in Ginny
Lissen whut ah's got to say,
Dey'll feed yo' an' dey'll bunk yo',
An' dey nebber ax no pay!
Dey treat yo' lak de famly,
Dat's de way dey make yo' feel,
An' dey'll gibb yo' plenty hoghead
Poke an' beans fo' ebbry meal!

Ef ah keeps er tawkin' 'bout it
Ah'll tote back dah fo' ah know!
Kaze de way dem fo'ks done treat me,
Ah hain't 'tented hyah no mo'!
Ah's got er mighty hankrin'
Fo' ol' Virginny place,
An' all ah want's de 'vitin'
An' ah's sho' ah won't be skace!

PO' LI'L' RASTUS.

TO E. L. ENSIGN AND DR. G. W. MILLER.

Little Rastus feelin' blue—

Po' li'l' Rastus!

Out o' sorts an' gloomy, too!

Po' li'l' Rastus!

Broke his little hobby hoss.

Mekes de li'l' fellah cross.

Doan' cry, honey, 'tain' much loss.

Po' li'l' Rastus!

He jes' wo' out, rompin' 'roun',

Po' li'l' Rastus!

Git up, honey, fum de groun'.

Po' li'l' Rastus!

Look ee dah, dun spiled yo' dress,

An' it am yo' Sunday bes',

Now hain't yo' er poody mess!

Po' li'l' Rastus!

Whut dat stickin' on yo' han'?

Po' li'l' Rastus!

Yo' been in de 'lasses can.

Po' li'l' Rastus!

Whut dat whut de Bible say

'Bout de chile dat steal dat 'way?

He'll go whah de bad man stay!

Po' li'l' Rastus!

Dat ol' bad man am er sight.
Po' li'l' Rastus!
Cum er sneakin' 'roun' at night.
Po' li'l' Rastus!
Cum an koch yo' when yo' sleep,
Den he take er great big leap!
Down er hol' dat's way down deep!
Po' li'l' Rastus!

Cum hyeah, little wooly head.
Po' li'l' Rastus!
Gwine to tuck yo' way to bed.
Po' li'l' Rastus!
Look ee dah, de day dun gone!
Shaddahs streamin' th'ew de co'n,
Sleep until de sunlight dawn!
Po' li'l' Rastus!

YEARNING.

TO MR. J. T. RICKS, Springfield, Ohio.

When de moon streams down
On er kam still night,
Let me sot by de moss-cubbahd stream,
An' plink out de ditties ub mah ol' banjo,
While mah soul steals erway in o' dream.

Jes' git out dah whah de solemness come,
Whah de kentry am still ez def;
When de honeysuckles sleep an' dey hide dey-
selves,
An' de li'l winds blo' dey bref.
Whah de bullfrog hollers neef de ol' pine tree,
An' de kill-dee an' de lonesome quail call,
Whah de owl hoots slo' ez de moon draps lo'
Ez de night shades slip an' fall.

Whah de willers hang lo',
An' dey 'pears to weep
Ez de night bird's plaint come down,
An' de li'l brooks skip in jubilee
While murmurrin' out dey sound.
Dat am sech er place whah I longs to be,
When de night am still an' kam;
When all de worl' seems los' in def
An' lef' yo' whah yo' am.

REMINISCENCE.

TO POSTMASTER JAMES H. RABBITS, Springfield, Ohio.

When de shadows ub de evenin'
Gently, sof'ly fallin' 'roun',
'Cross de lonely fields an' meadows,
Cums de cattle's lowin' soun';
An' de vespah bells am ringin'
An' dey blen' in tuneful lay,
It's a knell dat's sad an' mournful
To de dying summah day.

An' yo' weary fum de labah
Ub de tillin' ob de soil,
Fum sun up 'till time ob sinkin'
Widout res' mus' toil an' toil;
How yo' welcome on de hours,
Blissful seezunns all ub res'
When a neslin' 'neef de kibbahs,
Yo' kin soff'en pillahs press.

When de li'l' lights ob hebun
Fum behine dey kibbah peep,
All er blinkin' an' er twinklin'
Ez dey 'cross de hebuns creep;
Dah's a sadden feelin' takes yo',
Ez yo' lonely sot an' sigh,
Ez yohr mem'ry goze to 'fleck'in
Ob de olden days gone by.

How yohr ole home cums befo' yo'
Wid de fiah-place all erflame,
Ez it kindled an' enliven'd
Yo' into a joyful frame;
An' de scene at night when gaddahd
All eroun' yohr mammy sot,
Ez she tole yo' little stohries,
Allus chahms de li'l' tot.

Seemz yo' hyeah de ol' fo'ks singin',
An' dey voices ringin' clah,
Ez at night all knelt togeddah
Fo' to ax de mahstah's kyah,
To puzzurb dem fum de ebil
Spirits lurkin' far an' neer;
Keep dey minds all free fum feelin's
Soopahstishun an' fum feer.

How yo' long yo's wif de dahkies
Once mo' gaddahd in de field,
When at night all in de moonlight,
Danced de ole Virginny reel;
To de plumpin' ob de banjos
An' de fiddle's sawin' choon,
An' de songs dat wuz triumphant
To de ole plantayshun coon.

How yo' wish'd to 'gain libb obah
Dem days at yo' ol' home spot,
Wid yo' frens dat's cross'd de ribbah,
Wuz again yo' happy lot;
But dem days hab gone fohebbah,
Nebah mo' will dey return,
When yo' sot an' 'fleck erbout 'em,
How yo' ole heart fo' dem yearn.

PAWSON LOCUS VISITS SISTAH TOOTLES.

TO PROF. LADRU M. LAYTON, Springfield, Ohio.

Howdy Sistah Tootles!
Ah's jes' er passin' by.
Thought I'd kinda drap in
Let yo' kno' revival's nigh.
Hain't seed yo' out to meetin',
Ner Deacon Tootles needer,
Yo' know ah miss yo' all
Kaze yo's so good er stawtin' meeter.

How's de ol' fo'ks an' de chillen?
Tell me how dey's gittin' long,
When yo' doan come out to meetin'
Ah knows dey am sumpin' wrong.
How's de ol' man's roomertism,
How's his gout, his corns an' chills?
Seems dis whole big human famly
Mus' hab some de aches an' ills.

Well ah guess it's bes' to hab 'em
Kaze de Lawd he had 'em too.
So we jes' well keep on trus'in'
An' ah guess he'll fotch us froo.
Paul he had 'em, good ol' Lijah,
Moses an' de res' de flock
But dey kep' dey foots er trompin'
On de good ol' Zion's rock.

Doan' yo' kno' good Sistah Tootles,
Ah's had trials dat prick'd lak thorns.
An' I'd git so glum an' muddled,
Wished I'd nebbah done been born,
When de fus' ting dat I'd knows ob
Some good Sistah jes' lak yo',
Would fotch 'roun' er great big
Possum, sich stuff
An' er chicken er two.

Den right dah mah burden drapp'd off
An' mah soul got light ez air
An' yo' good ol' pawson, honey
Was widout an' ache er care.
Well sah! ef hyar hain't de Deacon,
Deed it dooz mah soul delight,
Jes' er gittin ready am yo',
Fo' to stawt out, well dat's right.
Man mus' earn his bread an' butter
In de perspire ob his brow,
Diggin' tayters, wheelin'
Turnips, makin' out ah guess some how.

Hope yo'll make er lots ob money,
Sabe de Pawson li'l' bit,
Kose yo' knows de Bible pintly
Says dis one ting, don't fo'git.
Good day Deacon, trus' de Lawd sah!
An' he'll fotch yo' froo alright,
Ah'll pray some too
Fo' yo' brduadh, fo' ah goes
To bed tonight.

Am dat Rastus? Come hyar sonny
He am jes' de spit ob yo'.
Got er head lak Bookah Wash'ton
Make er preechah ob him too,
Yo' been in de lasses, hain't yo'?
Stealin' shoogah fum yo' mammy.
Yo's jes' up de same ol' trixins
Lak dat boy ob mine call'd Sammy.

An' dah's Sukie, come hyar honey
Come an' shake de Pawson's hand.
Siss yo's got de sweetes' chillen
In mah Sabbath schoolin' band.

See hyar siss, yo's lookin' splendid!
Yo' keeps gittin' better lookin'
Yo' jes' lak some peert young lassy,
Why doan' yo' hab yo' picter tookin'?
Ah jes' wish yo' wasn't married
Ah jes' wish yo' wasn't too,
I'd jes' gwine an' ofteh de papers
We'd git married
Dat's whut we'd do.

Siss yo' wouldn't hab
No 'jections would yo'
Ef sich was de case?
Yo' am jes' de kine ob Sistah
Fo' to be in sich er place.
Yo' kin sing all kinds ob meeters,
Yo' kin pray lak sixty, too
Dey hain't nuffin' in church tictacks
Dat mah Sistah yo' kain't do.

Kose ol' Betsy she still totes roun'
An' fo' years we's been togeddah,
But ah tell yo' Sistah Tootles,
She am 'trary ez Ruff weddah,
She's so jealous, an'
She's got so dat she frows
Flat irons at me,
Ebbry time ah's got er 'pinion
Dat wiff her doan' 'zackly 'gree.

Tings am gittin' too prekyaress
Ah kain't stand de ting er tall,
Why she shubb'd me in de fiah place
Kaze ah mentioned Sistah Gaul.
Kose ah nat'ly laks de Sistah's
'Zacly lak de Lawd intended
An' ah isn't gwine to slight 'em
Doan' kyar how she gits offended,
But ah guess yo's got er nuff troubles
Wiffout hyarin' mah tales an' woes,
Kaze ah got mo' fo' to mention
Den ah's in mah shack got clothes.

See hyar Sistah Tootles,
Ah's jes' tellin' Bruddah Bryahs
Dat he oddah tas'e yo' cookin'
Yo's de bes' cook in de choirs,
Dey hain't no use er tawkin'
Fum Sally down to Mandy,
When it comes to ol' time cookin'
Dey hain't no one lak yo' handy.

No ah tank yo' mah good sistah,
Ah regrets ah kain't sot down,
Kose yo' knows ahs lots ob visits
Fo' to make erbout de town.
Some de sistahs will git jealous
Ef de Pawson doan' call 'roun'
So ah mus' keep tings harmonious
Ef ah specs to stay in town.

Ah jes' had er minute sistah,
But to yo' mah specs mus' make.
Sis whut dat er sotin' yondah?
Am dat some dat ol' poun' cake?
Look lak somepun's boun' to happen
Fo' to make me late some how,
Sistah skewze mah fernal bruppness
Jes' er slice ob dat right now.

Ah mus' say ah jes' kain't he'p it
Yo's de bes' ermong mah sheep.
Oh fo' Gawd sakes! Sistah Tootles,
Hain't yo' gwine to some dat keep?
Umph! Yo' sholy lubbs yo' Pawson
Yo's done proved dat ting, ah kno'
Mah times up, ah knows, good sistah
But it seems ah jes kain't go.

Whut yo' gwine to do now Sistah?
Fotch some possum? Whut yo' say,
Look er hyar de way yo' fixin'
Ah woan' git erway to day,
Kose yo' hain't ergwine to 'sult me
Fotch whut ebbah dah yo's got,
Hain't yo' got er few dem chittlins
Kinder steamin' in de pot?

Hab yo'? Mah sakes Sistah Tootles
Dis am bettah den revival,
Dis am gospul, dis hain't flattah
Dey's no one dat am yo' rival.
Doan' git angry wid yo' Pawson,
Ah doan' mean no 'fense er tall,
Ah jes' feels jes' lak one ob yo'
Ebbry time ah makes er call.

Had no idea dat ahs gwine to
Hab sich sprizes 'frust on me
Seems de Lawd am 'tinually boun' to
Rain sich manna down on me,
Hope 'twill allus be er rainin'
Ef sich stuff ez dis comes down,
Ah hain't tickler 'bout no
Mansion, 'bout no robe
Ner 'bout no crown.

What's dat clock er tickin' Sistah?
Seben, er lebben? Ah mus' go!
Wrap up somefun fo' de Pawson
Kaze termorrow ah'll eat some mo'.

THE SOLILOQUY OF SATAN.

Sovereign! Am I! By God's decree
Of Hell for all eternity,
Where joy and peace are never known,
Nor light of day is ever thrown.

My kingdom, burneth with the fire,
Will flame and burn when time is done,
When chaos and confusion reign—
Extinguished are the stars and sun.

There demons rage in strife and woe,
Enthralled like swine in my domain,
Where invocations, pleas and prayers
To God for succor rise in vain!

See how they grope within the throes!
And gnash their teeth like dogs that bite!
Then weep like orphans at the bier
When dawns on them there is no flight!

Weep, ye cursed, weep and groan!
Thy sins? Seas of tears can not atone!
Plead till the years are sepulchered!
In Hell ay, mercy hath no throne!

Heartless am I! My spirit knows
No justice, mercy, feeling, none!
Hatred and envy and dire revenge
Have come to me—my spirit won!

I laugh at misery, woe and pain
Of those, my captives, held in chain!
Ay! when the sun and studding stars
Have left their sockets waned and paled!
Still! captives will they e'er remain
In Lucifer's charnal travail.

Lucifer is called the roaring lion!
Seeking whom he may devour!
Presence o'erpowering! Bold! as the blast!
Who's never known to shrink or cower.

Accursed by Him dropped from the throne,
Where naught but love and peace art known,
Because rebellion seized my heart
And made me thrust at Him my dart!

"Thou hast rebelled, proud Lucifer!"
Depart! with those thy favorite hosts!
From thy imperial sacred place,
Go down in shame, ruin and disgrace!

Ay, such was true! And mine the fate!
Thrust! Through the portals, through the gate,
Down! the precipitous road to Hell,
Forever there to live and dwell!

Hell leaped for joy; her hosts proclaimed:
"Proud Lucifer droppeth to his shame!"
Reverberations; the wails, the shrieks,
The tempest struggling up the steeps!
Seethed! surged! and burned! ten thousand
folds,
The depthless sea of sinful souls!

Mine the prerogative to remain?
Nay! naught but submission to that decree
Of Him who shapes all destiny!
The author of immortality.

Ah, Lucifer, why didst thou give
The demon thralldom of thy soul
To bring down judgment on thyself,
To bar thee from the streets of gold?

Ah! Lucifer! Behold, behold!
That vast, resplendent white-robed throng!
There once thou stood'st immaculate
In praise and eulogy and song.

Bedazzling in God's holiness, outrivaling me-
teoric light,
Whose fulgence pierced the dark'ning gloom,
Dispersing ebon shades of night!

Fool! Has thou been, proud Lucifer!
To God thou yet shall bend in tears,
Brought to the gravity of thy fate
Clothed in the mantle of dire fears!

Who is this King of supreme reign
Whose throttling might holds Hell enchained?
'Tis He! my everlasting foe!
Who sinks me to these depths below.

Judge of the court tribunal high!
Oh for my place in yonder sky!
Could my entreaty move Thy will
For reinstatement 'round Thy throne,
Gladly would I flee to Thee,
Where dwell the glories of thine own.

Oh drops of mercy—dews of love
In benediction from above,
Fall on Lucifer this hour,
From Heaven's holy sacred tower.

The soul of Lucifer now weeps
With surcharged heart bleeding and torn,
In sackcloth and ashes behold! behold!
The vain proud Lucifer doth mourn!

Behold me in this sin-cursed plight!
Eternal iKng, disperse this night!
Cast aside the threat'ning clouds
And lead me to Thy glorious heights!

Hark! the music of the spheres!
In spotless white at God's right hand,
Float strains of that grand tribal band!
The hosts are marching! Hear their song!
Great King of Glory! Oh, how long!

How long must Lucifer remain
Divorced from the glories of Thine own
Forgiveness can there be for me
Again to sit around Thy throne?

Doth Lucifer, like the widow, mourn?
Like swaddling babies drop a tear?
Arouse ye coward! Doff thy fears!
Inspire thy soul again to cheers!

Away with retrospection now!
Come! welcome sweet forgetfulness!
Blot from the memory of Lucifer,
Those season's of his blissfulness!

For every tear that I have shed,
For every plea struck from my tongue,
Summon thy most destructive powers,
Let souls from earth this hour be flung!

Ha! again did Lucifer turn fool,
Forget himself and play the ass!
Furies of Hell burst forth anew!
Obey! the mandates of my blast!

I, the personification of all!
That's naught but perverse to the good,
To weaken at unguarded time—
Allow myself to whine and brood!

To think that I could condescend
To drop to humiliation's shrine,
While founts of grief and sorrows flowed
When memory didst my soul remind.

To rend my soul to depths extreme,
To fall repentant at His stream,
This vain, proud sovereign power of Hell!
Susceptible to such a spell!

Away, with all that tends to good!
Misery and torture to man for food!
Scoff at the pleading ones in tears
And mock the faltering one that fears!

Let devastation fill the land!
Death! Death! ride on! Spare not a soul!
Strike down! the unsuspecting one,
For my captivity, my fold!

Brilliance of conquest is for me!
Cursed! be the throngs of liberty!
Their freedom stirs my soul to wrath,
An effervescent aftermath.

Lucifer, rule on in infamy!
Prowl! the recesses of earth!
Barter! for the living souls,
For those as yet not given birth!

Oh, ye of Adam's progeny!
Ye knoweth not! this hellish sage,
Who thwarts the subtlest of man
To give him torture for his wage!

Oh could I seize earth in my grasp
And crush her as the potter's clay,
While o'er the battlements like swine
Behold men fall in fear, dismay!

Ay, when the judgment day shall dawn
The light from every sphere hath gone,
The firmament clouds, sinks, disappears,
To be forgotten as the years,

When throttling forces seize the earth,
And fires consuming have their birth,
Catastrophe thrown to relief,
While I with cohorts gloat beneath,

Then! will my reveille break the spell,
And cohorts martialing forth from Hell,
At my dictation mandates all!
Like vultures seize, bind and enthrall!

Oh when ye plead and cower in tears,
Receive ye then my mocks and jeers!
I'll sink thee to the depths unknown,
Reward for sinful deeds, thou'rt sown!

Then, will my soul well to the heights,
Where bliss is law, where bliss is might!
Quickened by misery, woe and pain
Of groveling souls in my domain!

Away! Away! No reasoning power
Could change this demon for one hour!
Well might'st thou try to move God's throne,
As try to touch this heart of stone!

Such! is the law of Lucifer!
Written in blood of suffering souls;
Inexorable, unmoved am I
As He who thrust me from the sky!

WHEN DE FIAH AM KINDLIN' HOT.

TO DR. H. L. HARRIS AND L. N. REIF.

When de sno' it am er fallin',
Winds er whizzin' down de lanes,
An' de fros' it am er freezin'
Fo' yo' eyes erpun de panes,
Whut am beddah den er nestlin'
'Roun' er fiah dat's roas'in' hot?
Fo' er pickahninny dahky
Hain't er mo' enchantin' spot.

When de breezes am er moanin'
An' de sun am sinkin' lo',
An' de gloomy clouds an' shaddahs
Geddah 'roun' erbout yo' do';
When yo' hyeah de co'n er poppin',
See de cidah all er foam,
In yo' soul de joy an' gladness
Seems eroun' erbout to roam.

An' yo' granny am er hummin',
Cat er purrin' on de rug,
An' yo' git er sniff de burbun
Dat am steamin' fum de jug—
Umph! de berry 'maggahnayshun
Makes er puson think it's real.
It am glory! Hesh yo' mouf, sah,
Doan' yo' ax me how yo' feel.

All yo' troubles an' yo' burdens
Seems to take de swif'es flight!
'Pears yo' berry soul am lif'ed
To de blissful mountain heights!
Whah de lan's erflo' wid honey,
Streets an' alleys paved wid gol',
An' de simphonnies o' heaben's
Got er sweetnes' kaint be tol'.

Yo' kin sing de songs o' Moses,
Shout yo'se'f clah to de sky!
Pickahninny's den in cloveah,
No time den to weep an' sigh.
Let de sno' keep on er fallin',
Let de breezes whizz an' moan,
Longs er pickahninny's neslin'
'Roun' er hot fiah ub his own.

WISHED I'D RODE MAH HOSS.

TO JOHN F. WILSON AND DR. SHERMAN LEACH.

Rode on dat ah 'lectric kyah!
Wished I'd rode mah hoss!
No musstake it raised mah hyah!
Oddah bin er long!
Nebbah seed sech runnin' son!
Swo' we's flyin' to de sun!
Tho't dis dahky's days was done!
Wished I'd rode mah hoss!

Gee! dat thing did split de ah!
Wished I'd rode mah hoss!
Nuffin' wid it kin compah!
Oddah bin er long!
Ebbry ting was blurred in sight!
Dus' flew higher den er kite!
Kooden' tell de lef' fum right!
Wished I'd rode mah hoss!

When she struck eroun' de kyerve,
Wished I'd rode mah hoss!
It unstrung mah ebbry nerve!
Oh, but I did squirm!
Oh, she kyahd us down de line!
No hobo kood stuck behine!
Ef he had he'd gone stone bline!
Wished I'd rode mah hoss!

Now an' den she sortah reel!
Wished I'd rode mah hoss!
Stirred me up fum head to heel!
Lawd but I did quake!
Tawk erbout er pow'ful prah!
I sho' made one den an' dah!
Strain was mo' den I kood bah!
Wished I'd rode mah hoss!

Once I hyeahd er moighty crack!
Wished I'd rode mah hoss!
Tho't she's gwine to leeb de track,
Oddah seed me, Chile!
I felt mos' prekareyus, son!
I hain't tawkin' jes' fo' fun!
Tho't dis dahky's days wus done,
Wished I'd rode mah hoss!

JES' KEEP ER LOOKIN' UP.

TO E. M. HULSE AND W. H. SYFERT.

Ef yo' frens dey all fo'sake yo',
Tink yo' gwine flat to de wall,
Salt an' peppah nebbah'll save yo'
Fum an ebbah las'in' fall.

Ef yo' got de right stuff in yo',
You'll keep allus lookin' up,
Membrin' sum de worl's bes' jewels
Drunk fum dis same bittah cup!
Ef yo' habben' got er dollah,
An' no place to lay yo' head,
An' de meadows an' de co'n fields
Only places fo' yo' bed;

Ef de fo'ks am cuttin' capeahs
'Fo' yo' puttin' on dey airs,
Wid dey silks an' wid de satins,
An' all uddah kine o' wares.

Ef yo' got de right stuff in yo',
Yo'll keep allus lookin' up,
'Membrin'' sum de worl's bes' jewels
Drunk fum dis same bittah cup!
Dey may tramp erpun yo' feelin's,
Dey may kick yo' on de co'n,
An' may tarn dey nose up at yo'
Ez dey pass yo' in dey scorn;

Smiles dey nebbah may hab fo' yo',
Bes' yo'll git will be er frown,
An' sum wurds mos' harshly spoken,
Kaz dey think dat yo' is down.

Ef yo' got de right stuff in yo',
You'll keep allus lookin' up,
'Membrin' sum de worl's bes' jewels
Drunk fum dis same bittah cup!
Ef fo' bread yo' ax er bruddah,
An' instead yo' git er stone,
An' yo' ax fo' consullayshun,
An' yo' bahly git er groan,

An' sum knock yo' off yo' shins,
An' tink yo' nebbah gwine to rise,
Swah to God dey nebbah done it,
Meekly tell all kine o' lies;
Let 'em go on hykerfloatin',
Ebbry dog sho' habs his day;
Dey am uddah months, mah bruddah,
Jes' ez pleasant, ez am May.

Ef yo' got de right stuff in yo',
Yo'll keep allus lookin' up,
'Membrin' sum de worl's bes' jewels
Drunk fum dis same bittah cup!

LAMENTATION.

TO T. W. MCGOVERN AND DR. D. R. WILLIAMS.

When de rent cums due
 An' yo haben got er dollah,
An' yo' hab to hunt
 Fo' er nuddah place to wollah,
De wintah's dun come,
 An' de coal pile's sinkin',
Dey's nufin' in de cupboard
 An' yo' stummuck am er shrinkin',

How yo' head wool geddahs!
 How yo' hunt an' scratch!
Fo' to skibbah up er dollah
 Beats de ol' Sam Patch!

When yo' sot an' 'fleck,
 Seems befo' yo' keeps er bobbin'
De possum an' de coon,
 An' de peach an' apple cobblin'.
Yo' dream 'bout summah,
 Wid de joocy wattah millun,
Dat yo' sotin' in de middle
 An' yo' stummuck jes' er fillin',

How yo' mouf does wattah!
 How yo' stummuck jes' jump!
An' yo' eyes am full er dazzle
 An' yo' hump! hump! hump!

When de night cums on
An' dey hain't er nuf de kibbah,
While yo' bunk an' snooz
Fo' to keep yo' fum de shibbah,
De coal's done sinkin'
Till it am no mo',
De weddah am at zero,
De worl am kibbahd in de sno',

How yo' head wool gaddahs!
How yo' hunt an' scratch
Fo' to skibbah up er dollah
Beats de ol' Sam Patch!

WHEN DE SUMMAH'S DUN CUM.

To W. H. C. DODSON, Springfield, Ohio.

When de wintah's done gone
 An' de summah's done come!
An' de birds begin dey wahble
 An' de bees begin dey hum,
An' de hills, de fields, de meadows
 Wid de verdure all am green,
An' de heaben's panorama
 Am er mos' enchantin' scene.

Den er niggah kin sing!
 Den er niggah kin hum!
Kaze de wintah's done gone,
 An' de summah's done come,

When de vines am climin',
 Spreadin' beauty on de run,
An' de cullahs o' de lan'scape
 An' de sky dey blen' ez one,
An' de flowahs ez dey's buddin'
 An' er blossom' an' er bloom,
An' de breezes fan dey petals
 Koch dey sweets' smellin' 'fume,

How yo' soul inspahs!
 How yo' hea't does tickle!
Den er niggah am happy
 Ef he haben' got er nickel!

When de craps am wavin'
An' de tassel's on de co'n,
An' de apples am er drapin'
An' de sweepahtayters born,
An' de cabbage am er headin',
Swellin' lak dey got de mumps,
An' de passnups am er peepin'
Winkin' at yo' hine de stumps,

How er niggah kin whis'le!
How his soul does 'joice!
'Kaze it's time fo' de millun
An' it's time fo' de squash!

UNCLE NED AN' DE MOCKIN' BIRD.

TO DR. EARL W. EVANS AND DR. J. H. J. UPHAM.

Bruddah Mocking Bird,
Yo's moighty lazy.
Yo' doan' do nufin'
 But sing dat song,
 Till de daylight's gone
 An' de night cum 'long.
Er coon has got to hoe an' hoe,
Till de sinkin' sun
 Tells de day to go.

Lawd, but yo' sing
 So pow'ful sweet!
Perched up dah,
 In yo' leafy seat.
Is yo' lonesum?
Does yo' hea't feel sad?
'Pears to me
 Dat yo' soul feels glad.
Ez Ise wockin' hard,
 Sweet ez de cloveah
Yo' song
 Floats obeah,
Way in de co'nfield
 Whah de medlark sings,
Up in de bough
 Ub de tree it clings.

Yo' nebbah wock
But yo' bread is sho',
Out in de yahd;
'Fo ebbry doh,
Sum kine han'
Th'ows de little crum!
Kaze dey kno' fo' sho'
Dat yo' boun' to come.

De good Samaritan
Part dey play.
Let yo' go 'way?
Hungry? No!
Dey nebah wood,
Kase de Lawd wood say
Dat dey wasn't good.

I kinedah lak
To hyeah yo' sing,
Ef yo' is too lazy,
To flop yo' wing,
Sing on,
Fill de worl' wid song.
I mus' be gittin'
Mah wock er long.

LULLABY.

TO STACY B. RANKIN

AND DR. C. G. HECKERT, President of Wittenberg College.

Pickahinny, Pickahinny,
Close yo' little eyes.
Evenin' am er 'proachin',
Tells yo' sleep an' quit yo' cries,
Mammy's gwine to keep
All o' de boogahman erway—
Gyahd her little pickahninny
Till de cumin' day.

Pickahninny, Pickahninny,
Sleep an' take yo' res';
Sleep wid all de cumfort
Ub de birdies in dey nes'.
When de sun's done sinkin',
In de eas' begin to rise,
Mammy's little pickahninny
Den kin ope' its eyes.

Pickahninny, Pickahninny,
Mammy's little love,
May de gyahdin' angels
Hubbah 'roun' de fum erbove.
Wid dey sof'en sweetnn whispahs
Keep de lull'd er sleep,
While de weary lonely hours
Slowly onward creep.

Pickahninny, Pickahninny,
Keep er fas' er sleep,
While de weary, lonely hours
Slowly onward creep,
Day will soon be breakin',
Sun er creepin' 'cross de skies,
Mammy's little pickahninny
Den kin ope it's eyes.

PAWSON JOHNSON AT DINNER.

TO HON. E. O. RANDALL AND MR. U. H. GURNEA.

He'p you'se'f, mah bruddah,
Jes' make yo'se'f at home!
'Kaze yo' am no stranger
To Siss Wiggle Sloam.
Go 'head on dat chicken,
'Kase it tissen skace!
"Doan' yo' worry, sistah,
I is in no has'e!

"Lan' sakes, Sistah Wiggle,
You' treat me lak er king!
Ha! ha! 'Skewze me, sistah,
One mo' chicken wing!
Tote me few dem waffles,
Chittlins good an' hot!
Ebbah ting ise eatin'
Trabbles to de spot!

Lawd Gawd! Sistah Wiggle,
I jes' seed dat 'possum!
Hidin' an' er grinin'
'Hine dat sunflow'r blossom!
'Fo' I'd let dat 'possum
Git out o' mah sight,
Th'ow erside mah Gospel,
To de las' I'd fight!

Bruddah, kain't yo' sortah
Gibb er little toas'?
'Deed I kain't, Gawd knows it,
Whah dey's 'possum roas'!
Feed de lambs, mah Sistah,
Whut de good book say!
Yo's fulfillin' Scripshah
Treatin' me dis way!

WAY DOWN SOUF!

TO S. H. WAITE AND J. W. PARMENTER.

Sing dat song once mo' Miss Mandy,
Jes' once mo', jes' ef yo' please!
Sounds ez sweet ez angel whispers,
An' de song birds 'mong de trees,
It kyahs me back! way back yonder,
Way down Souf!

Whah we tromped thoo' de cotton fields,
An' when ah hearts was sad,
We sing'd dat chune
Fo' to make ah souls glad,
Way down Souf!

Yo' know nuffin' 'bout dem days, Miss Mandy,
Dat was befo' yo' time!
'Sides, yo's been rared
In er diffun' clime!
Yo' nebbah had to woek fum de fus' horn blo',
Lak we uster had to woek
Till de sun sink'd low,
Way down Souf!

But we had good times, Miss Mandy!
Sum good ol' times fo' sho'!
But ol' Misy an' ol' Massa,
We didn' let 'em know.
Yo' bet we's mighty kyahful
When we had ah dance an' feas',
Dat ol' Missy, an' ol' Massy
Diden' git an' inklin' in de leas'!

When ah hyah dat chune, Miss Mandy,
Ah wants to step erbout,
An' do jes' lak de ol' fo'ks,
Ez dey uster sing an' shout,
Way down Souf!

I kin see dem now!
Ez dey raised dey voice to sing,
An' sot de ol' big cabin,
In one great big ring!
Way down Souf!

But dem days done gone, Miss Mandy!
Dey's gone lak er dream.
An' de ol' fo'ks,
Done crossed de stream!
But doh dey's gone,
An' ah's lef' erlone,
An' ol' age creeped
In mah ebbry bone,
Dey's er hankerin' feelin'!
Keeps er dribein' me back,
Way down Souf! .

When er dahky is ol',
An', his step comes slo',
An' he totters lak er reed,
When de sof' wind blows,
An' all his ties ob erf am dead,
An' fo'ks all strange
Whah ebber he tread,
It's de ol' time chune,
Wid er clah, keen knack!
Dat makes yo' feel new.
'Pears yo' youth come back,
Way down Souf!

THE QARREL.

TO DR. MERRILL RICKETTS, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Whose yo' sputein' sah?
Whose yo' sputein' ?
Look hyah, lemmee tell yo',
Don't yo' fool wid me!
Ah's er gemmen ob 'portance
It's er fac' ah doesn't lie.
What's dat? Yo' say,
Yo' gwine to smack me in de eye?

Now look hyah mistah Dahky,
Don't yo' peet dat ting ergin
Don't git me rambunkshus
Kaze ah's got on mah gin!
Ef yo's sarchin' fo' trouble sah,
Come on! Ah is yo' man.
Ah'll kyarv' yo' into chittlin's
Wid dis razzah in mah han'.

Is yo' got de dasstee
Fo' to stan' up dah an' clah
An'' clah yo's gwine to smack me
Lak er big puzsimmon bah?
Why dog mah cats to goodness!
Ef ah wasn't er deacon
Ah'd butt yo' in de belly
Till yo'd be no good fo' speakin'.

Don't yo' dah to speak, sah!
Don't yo'—look hyah, don't yo' dah!
Deacon, er no deacon,
Ah bet's ah'll mawl yo' whah yo' ah!
Yo' got de fewgelarty
Fo' to pussecate me so?
Ah's got er pow'ful notion
Fo' to kick yo' out de doh!

“Ah'd lak to see yo' do it!
Does yo' tink ah's skyaid ob yo'?
Now deacon crack yo' whoop, sah!
An' ah'll sho' yo' fo' we's froo!
Ah's seed er many nigger
Big ez yo' sah, dah's to be,
Ah's had de fusstess time, sah!
Fo' to hab 'em wollup me.

Ah's hyahd 'em tawk ez big
Ez all yo' blowin' hyah tonight.
'Twas nuffin else but win' sah,
Ebbry one was skyaid to fight!
Yo's bilein' an' er stewin'
Lak er lion let loose in Zion,
Yo' knows yo' all kain't whoop me,
Dat it's foolish fo' yo' tryin'.

Ah's gwine to fix yo' deacon,
Fo' de way yo's 'sulted me!
Ah's gwine to cunjer yo' sah!
Jes' ez sho' ez we's bofe free.
Ah's gwine to hab yo' crawlin'
On yo' belly lak er snail!
When ah hides dat bottle,
Yo' knows ah isn't gwine to fail.

Ah's got mo' den one Nigger
Totein' 'roun' hyah on er cain.
Ah'll use er dozen rabbitt's foots
To chuck yo' full ob pain.
Use 'sulted mah indiggnee
An' ah'll use er barrel ob salt,
To boot, besides yo' hyah me?
Kaze yo's de blame an' yo's de fault!"

Now see hyah Brudder Ramsack
Ah perfess ah is to blame,
Less drap ah li'l' sputein'
Brudder git er li'l' tame.
Ah bleeb in peace an' hawmny
We's too ol' to cut sich pranks
Brudder! 'cep' mah pollgee.
An' receive mah humble tanks!

Hawmony, de Debbel!
Yo's too late to tawk sich stuff
Dey hain't no changin' hosses,
Ah's gwine to cunjer yo' up rough.
Ah isn't gwine to swaller
Whut yo's said to me tonight!
Dey's no use argerfyin',
Ah's gwine to cunjer yo', dat's right.

Tutt! Tutt! Brudder Ramsack!
Less us bofe be frens' ergin'.
ome, ah's got sum appjack!
Come hyah! Ah's got sum gin!

Well, look hyah, Deacon Spasm,
Ah'll jes' try yo' fo' er bluff!
We'll drap de cunjer business,
Lemmee tas'e sum ob dat stuff!

WISH 'T WAS ALLUS JES' LAK DIS!

TO DR. JOHN THOMAS AND MR. A. L. GILMORE.

Dis hyah weddah,
Kain't be beat!
De ah is sof'
De ah is sweet!
Lots er sun,
An' plenty rain,
Dey's gwine to be,
Lots er golden grain!

Tumble bug,
Am piddlin' 'roun',
Tarpin's froo
His sleepin' soun'!
Hopple toad
Done lef' his waller,
Done begin his summer holler!

Medder lawk
Is singin' fine!
Bees ah busy
In de vine!
Dis mus' be
Whut fo'ks calls bliss!
Wish 'twas allus,
Jes lak dis!

TRUSSY'S VISIT.

TO MR. JACOB SCOWDEN AND MR. G. W. C. POOR.

Bress mah life! Why dis hain't Trussy!
Go 'way chile! Whut's dat yo' say?
Yo' hain't fiddlin' Peedah's sonnie!
Who'd er thowt it, any way!

Ax me ef ah knows yo' daddy!
Know'd each udder years ergo,
Me an' him hab bofe tergeddah,
Hoed er manny tayter ro'.

Res' yo' duddins! Take de sofah!
Make yo'se'f jes' lak yo's home.
'Cep' mos' free mah hosspertality,
Plenty time eroun' to roam.

Look hyah Dina! Am dem chittlins'
An' dem hogfeet thoo er bile?
Who yo' tink we's got fo' dinner?
Ol' fren' Fiddlin' Peedah's chile!

Well, sah, ah hain't seed yo' daddy,
Since dat fig htat 'Possum Trot!
Dog mah cats! we bofe tergeddah
Whoop'd de Debbil on de spot!

Still er libbin' down in Guinea?
Why dat's mah ol' rompin' groun'!
Hain't er spot ner nook ner crebice
Dat ah don't know 'bout dat town.

Tawk erbout yo' huntin' 'possums,
Chasin' coons an' sich ez dat,
Ah's done been plum thoo dat kentry,
An' ah knows jes' whah dey's at.

Well ah hain't been down in Guinea,
Since de year ob forty-two,
Dat am been er long time, sonnie,
An' mah fren's dah lef' am few.

Well sah ef dis hain't er bressin'!
Fo' to meet ol' Peedah's chile,
Look hyah tell de ol' man, sonnie,
Is yo' gwine to stay erwhile

Is yo'? Wel' ah sho' am tickled
Fo' to hyah yo' say dat, son,
'Spec' yo's feelin' pow'ful hungry!
Wait ah'll see ef dinner's done.

Ready, Dina? Bress de Lawd, umph!
Mah ol' lady am er sight!
Kin she cook? Whut? Don't yo' stawt me!
She sho' kin put tings up right!

Wawk out, Trussy, go pertakin'
Ob de bes' de ol' man's got!
Kose tain't much, but probably sumpin's,
Dah will kinder tech de spot!

Sot right dah, right dah, sah, sonnie,
Kaze ah wants yo' close to me.
Ah is now ez happy, sonnie
Jes' ez happy fo'ks kin be.

Go 'head say de bressins, Trussy!
Fo' de Lawd sake, cut 'em short.
Lemme post yo' fo' yo' stawt in,
Don't yo' preach an' try to e'hort.

"Make us tankful Heab'nly Foddah,
Fo' dis hyah pussippeus spread!
Hyah deez few mos' feeble 'spreshuns
Dat yo' humble sahvent shed.

Gibb us wid ah daily bread, sah!
Chicken an' all sich ez dat,
Frow in now an' den er possum,
Coon wid plenty lean an' fat!

Po' dy bressins on dis famly,
Put mo' chickens on dey roos',
Tings gits skace dey needs er he'p'in',
Len' er han', gibb 'em er boos'!

Amen! Trussy? Dat ah bressin's
Poort nahs good ez ah kin do.
Chile, yo'd make er fair good deacon
An' ah bleeb er preechah, too!

He'p yo'se'f, don't wait fo' passin',
Take whut ebber dah yo' see.
We don't put no ahs on hyah, sah!
We's ez plain ez fo'ks kin be.

We beleeb in bein' ol' fashion,
We hain't bodder'd bout de style.
Dina? Whah's mah pot ob chittlins?
Trussy? Eat sum mo' stuff, chile.

Mah sakes! Trussy? Dem dah hogfoots
Sots dis ol' soul all er chune!
Well sah! Look at Trussy, Dina,
Cock dat lef' eye at dat coon!

Yo' hain't full kin to yo' daddy,
Ef yo' doesn't lak de coon,
Possum, chicken, sweepahtayters,
An' sum good ol' musherrooms!

Whah's ol' Susan Peacock, Trussy?
Habs de Debbil got her yet?
Sakes erlie she's had mo' husbahns
Den yo's fingers got, ah'll bet!

Does ah membah Slimmy Twostep?
Who? Dat po' ol' onry cuss?
Use tah hug de stobe when happy,
In church raise all kind ob fuss'?

Come on wid dem pig tails Dina!
Don't be primpin' in de glass.
Mussen' make de ol' man wait so!
Yo' looks poody nuf to pass.

Look hyah, chile, yo' hain't froo eatin'
Is yo'? Don't be skyahd to eat.
Ef yo's eat all dat yo's mind to,
We'll tromp out an' see de wheat.

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